Two Dollars a Year

50c. a Number

University of Alberta Library
0 1620 2789927 5

CANADIAN POETRY MAGAZINE

Aug 2'51

PS
8273
C512
v.14:no.3
1951

Augustana

No. 3

SPRING, 1951

EX LIBRIS
UNIVERSITATIS
ALBERTENSIS

What

...iters,
...ed to

the betterment of literary standards in Canada and to the service of craftsmen engaged in all forms of authorship.

What it does . . .

It seeks to unify writers in a national fellowship from coast to coast, and to this end maintains a National Office and has Branches in 12 Canadian cities (see over) carrying on intensive group and general programs. It maintains liaison with writers' organizations in other countries.

It sponsors a National Book Week, it has established a Memorial Library of Canadiana in the restored home of Judge Haliburton at Windsor, Nova Scotia; it publishes the *Canadian Poetry Magazine;* it has sole jurisdiction over the Governor-General's Annual Literary Awards, highest Canadian literary honors.

Advantages of Membership . . .

The privilege of association in a common cause with other members of the writing craft, not only in Branch meetings but also in Annual Conventions where craft talks, open forum discussions, and opportunities of meeting editors and publishers bring both direct and indirect benefits.

Each Member and Associate receives the official quarterly publication, *The Canadian Author & Bookman*, which not only serves as a link between members but is also important discussion forum and a source of instruction and inspiration.

Protection of rights in matters of copyright contracts, taxation; protection against and redress from unfair publishing, editorial and agency tendencies. These are some of the practical benefits obtained through the joint strength of the craft organized in a single body. The adherence of all writers is therefore a duty as well as a matter of self interest.

Inquiry Coupon

National Secretary,
The Canadian Authors Association,
7A Forest Hill Road, Toronto, Ontario.

I am very interested in obtaining more information about Membership in The Canadian Authors Association and would be glad to have you send me details of your organization and a Membership Application Form.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

(PLEASE USE BLOCK LETTERS)

CANADIAN

PERIODICAL PR
CANADIAN POETRY
DATE: Spring/61

McLaughlin

OSHAWA
PUBLIC LIBRARY

PLEASE KEEP CARDS IN POCKET

Published by
THE CANADIAN AUTHORS ASSOCIATION

Canadian Poetry Magazine

A quarterly magazine, published by The Canadian Authors Association for the encouragement and development of Canadian verse. Annual subscription, $2.00; single copies, 50 cents. Verse published in the Magazine will be paid for at the rate of 2 cents a word, with a minimum of $1.00. The Magazine shall have first publication rights only; the copyright will remain with the author. Verse published elsewhere will not be accepted for publication. If return of manuscript is desired, a stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed. Only Canadian stamps are acceptable. Contributors from U.S.A. and other countries should use International (or Imperial) Reply Coupons. Individual criticism of verse submitted cannot be undertaken. Address, Business Manager, "Canadian Poetry Magazine," 7A Forest Hill Road, Toronto 12, Ontario.

Until further notice, no poetry contests will be sponsored by this Magazine. Patrons of poetry are reminded that we pay for all poems printed, and are grateful for donations to defray the expense of this policy.

Manuscripts should be mailed to The Editor—P.O. Box 803, Postal Station "B"—Ottawa, Ontario.

FOUNDATION SUPPORTERS

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to state that a magazine such as this is not a profit making venture: It is published by The Canadian Authors Association for the encouragement of poetry in Canada and its continued appearance is only made possible by the generosity of its Foundation Supporters. Once again we are indebted to our friends, listed below, for encouragement and practical support and we thank them most gratefully.

The Editor and The Management Committee

Lady Eaton, Toronto
Lady Roddick, Montreal
Dorothy Henderson, Toronto
Jean Mutter, Victoria
Anne Moreland, Moose Jaw
J. S. McLean, Toronto
H. S. Southam, Ottawa
The Evening Citizen, Ottawa
E. G. Burton, Toronto
John Murray Gibbon, Montreal
A. E. Grauer, Vancouver
The Hamilton Spectator, Hamilton
Christine Henderson, Montreal
E. J. Pratt

AUGUSTANA LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

CONTENTS

Deep Down in Devon—*Alfred Noyes*

Willows Revisited—*P. G. Hiebert*

Plain Reply—*Joseph Joel Keith*

Remembrance—*Alfred W. Purdy*

Under Sail—*Gustave Davidson*

The Saving Seed—*Nicholas MacLeod*

To My Son in His First Spring—*Joan Finnigan*

Once Was Bikini—*Amabel King*

The Welcome—*Sara deFord*

Qu'Appelle?—*Douglas G. Banham*

Mountain-Town: Winter—*Pauline Havard*

In a Mirror—*Hilda Ridley*

The World Was Narrower—*Verna Loveday Harden*

Miriam Danced—*Ruby Friedman*

Clam Diggers—*Rona Murray*

White Morning—*Jessie Drummond Boyd*

A Deux—*Peter Garvie*

The Old Woodsman—*Dorothy Dumbrille*

Sacred Hour—*Vesta Nickerson Lukei*

Old Horse—*Girsha Gowing*

From a Hospital Bed—*Peter Rechnitzer*

Never a Patch of Sky—*Tom Farley*

The Martyrs' Pageant—*Marjorie Freeman Campbell*

	Page
The Poetry of Arthur Stringer	22
An Editor's Note Book	24
Book Reviews	29
Books Received	32

CANADIAN
POETRY
MAGAZINE

Spring 1951

VOLUME 14 - - NUMBER 3

EDITOR - - - - ARTHUR S. BOURINOT
P.O. Box 803, Postal Station B, Ottawa, Ontario

ASSOCIATE EDITOR - - - CHARLES BRUCE

MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE
Dr. J. Markowitz, M.B.E., J. Smyth Carter, A. B. Bennett

BUSINESS MANAGER
Mrs. Ethel Whyte, 7A Forest Hill Rd., Toronto 12, Ontario

"To write not to be understood is no less vaine than to speak not to be heard. Fooles and Madmen use to talk to themselves in Publique, and he that publishes that which he would have no Man understand but himself do's the same thing."

SAMUEL BUTLER

EDITOR'S NOTE

In the Fall, 1949, issue, this Magazine published a poem by the famous American Poet, the late William Rose Benet.

Now we are pleased and proud to open this number with a poem by Alfred Noyes, the internationally celebrated English poet whose poems have found a warm welcome both in the British Isles and in the New World. He is the author of "SHERWOOD", "THE HIGHWAYMAN" and the justly famous "THE BARREL ORGAN", whose lilting refrain, "Come down to Kew in Lilac Time" has sung itself into the hearts of millions. His "COLLECTED POEMS" were issued some years ago. In prose, amongst other works, he has written a LIFE OF VOLTAIRE.

If the editor may interject a personal note, he recalls with pleasure hearing Mr. Noyes recite several of his poems at the home of the late Duncan Campbell Scott, not so many years ago. It was indeed a memorable evening.

A.S.B.

DEEP DOWN IN DEVON

A New Folk-Song

It was down in deep Devon, where orchards grow bright
With blossoming boughs in a single sweet night,
And the waggoner star had just mounted his wain,
When that Tavistock lad met a lass in a lane.

O, she looked like a flower in her leaf-coloured gown,
And the name of her lad would soon ring with renown,
Though the beams were unhewn that should raid the new seas,
And his great Golden Hind lay asleep in the trees.

Now, you'll hardly believe what the blackbirds have sung,
That folks so far back could have thought 'emselves young,
But they stole through the fern, with the light growing dim,
And his arm was around her, and hers around him.

Four hundred year back! Then he sailed against Spain,
And was lost, so they say, off the wild Spanish main,
But deep down in Devon there's more can return
Than the moon on the dew, through the dusk of the fern.

Though he heed not the sound that should roll back the deep,
Where, far from his Devon, they sunk him to sleep,
And the drum of our war may not wake him again,
There are two that still walk in the Devonshire lane.

In the hush of the fern, by deep coombe and dark tor,
Where the storms and the drums can divide them no more,
All, all his tall ships have grown distant and dim,
But his arm is around her and hers around him.

Alfred Noyes

WILLOWS REVISITED

(During the drought years of 1934 and 1935 a number of poets visited the former home of Sarah Binks, and laid a laurel wreath upon her monument. Each wrote a poem to commemorate the occasion, in fact, some wrote several. WILLOWS REVISITED, by the late John Swivel, and WEEPING WILLOWS, by Wraitha Dovecote, have been acclaimed as the finest of these. Professor Hiebert who collected these poems has sent us the following:

This, then, is Willows—through the years' long run,
Serene and sere, brooding on things' long last,
Battered by storms, baked by the prairie sun,
Holding in ageless hands the past—
Holding in ageless hands the trust
Of once proud day, austerely rugged pile—
Twin elevators in majestic rust,
Guarding the railroad's mile on mile—
Sand, like Colossi looking on the Nile—
Keeping the vigil of eternal dust.

P. G. Hiebert

PLAIN REPLY

Deliver me, the old man said,
from people—one whole flock:
alike as birds, they act alike.
Now since you've asked for talk,
if I were younger and could hate
I'd hate hard as ice
(at least, not like) the people, all,
all who are always nice:
the woman with her cooing word,
"charming", always that;
the gentleman with milk-toast words
who always tips his hat.
Hate burns man out, but not contempt
for the pious who go by
from their six days' actuality,
smiling the Sunday lie.

Joseph Joel Keith

REMEMBRANCE

I remember a doorway in my old hometown.
An old unfrosted tungsten bulb burned there.
Every night in passing I noted this phenomena,
The anachronism with a yellow stare.

Now, for some strange reason psychiatrists might know,
I remember it; isolated and free,
With a corona of weird night flying moths,
And it has a queer significance for me.

Alfred W. Purdy

UNDER SAIL

You tell me, friend,
(For my own good
And as one who understands
The world)
To follow no will-o'-the-wisps.

Would that I could!

But it is of no avail:
The heart, not the head, commands.

For all my ships
Are under sail,
Departed for far strands—
Where a star gleams,
Where the winds and the storms prevail.

And, in the end,
Is it not better to be
Astray with dreams,
Headed for fabled lands
Over bournes of an ultimate sea—
Than grounded in reality?

Gustave Davidson

THE SAVING SEED

In the cash register, ungraded amid the ranks—a child's curl;
Behind the precise securities, shored up—a loose old sentence of love;
Under the dead garden, Custom—Wonder, the green tide, rising;
In the bramble of repudiation—the rabbit of shy seeking;
Around the escarpment of cruelty—an inlet of tenderness;
Investing the core of blasphemy—love of the Father,
That All of man's pitiful want.

For the neglected guest will rescue the household;
The tolerated acquaintance enrich your last hour;
The forgotten servitor return favor greater than his savings;
The friend dismissed be fierce in your defence;
And the God denied will resurrect within the stone
Of your most ultimate despair.

Nicholas MacLeod

TO MY SON IN HIS FIRST SPRING

Here in your grandfather's garden for you, my son,
Is all the innocent beauty of the world;
Your eyes shall never hold again such wonder
As this year when the leaves unfurled.

Spring within memory was never so fair,
For one who held you up to see,
The drifting snow from cherry boughs;
Who watched your sweet-mouthed glee,

When tulips waved their redness in the wind;
Oh, beauty was restored to calloused eyes,
When I beheld the profile of your little face,
Upturned to spring-time skies.

This shall be your fairest spring, my son,
For, though each year the heart responds to spring,
Each year it is with more to mourn,
Each year with less to sing.

Joan Finnigan

ONCE WAS BIKINI

Out of the chaos
came a sound that stirred
strange fears grooved in the mind
but yesterday.
Whining it came
like no sound ever heard,
as a star might strangle
on some far skyway.

Out of Bikini—
rumbling, remote
as ghost artillery,
prolonged as an ocean's tidal sigh,
a sound so strangely hushed,
so sure of mastery
it fell on the ear
like a torn earth's warning cry. . .

Out of the darkness
private worlds awoke:
the walls we built were tumbling
on our little sphere!
An atom with suns to squander
in one dynamic stroke
spoke above the thunder
in a voice that all could hear . . .

Over the airwaves
streamed the channeled news:
quick death of sheep and all that breathed,
the blotting out of ships
unmanned by crews—
the roseate column rising heaven-high,
the smothered blast—
mapping our power and a program
for the next war and our last.

Amabel King

THE WELCOME

It was a vague world, filled with dripping trees
And people vaguely mumbling all the way,
Fog and a low wind sloshing the wet leaves
And high, wet boots slapping against our legs.
We climbed a grey hill to a little hut
Filled with damp shadows and the leaking rain
Drizzling through open screens across the floor,
And, in the gloom, vague people greeting us.

Then, like a lone coal burning in the cold iron
Of the old stove, your red wool jacket glowed
Welcome, and we were suddenly dry and warm,
With the bright fingers of your firelight on us.

Sara deFord

QU'APPELLE?

Shadows . . .
On the hilltops,
In the valley . . .
Shadows . . .
Of the long day dying.

Ghost wings . . .
By the lakeshore,
Ghost wings . . .
Of the grey goose flying.

"Listen! . . .
There is someone,
Down by the water . . .
Someone . . . somewhere . . .
Calling . . . calling . . ."

"You hear
But the night wind,
In the willows,
Where dead leaves,
Are falling . . . falling . . ."

"Wait!
Someone has answered."
"Qu'Appelle . . . Qu'Appelle . . .?"

The cry of a lost soul
Destined to wander,
Calling forever,
"Qu'Appelle, Qu'Appelle?"
Only the night wind,
Who knows where her grave is,
Only the wind, can tell . . . can tell . . .

Bend to the whisper
Of wind over water;
Capture the echo
That hollows the night;
Follow the shadow
Of Indian lover,
Calling forever,
"Qu'Appelle, Qu'Appelle?"

Douglas G. Banham

MOUNTAIN-TOWN: WINTER

The mountain whose giant fingers cup
The little mountain-town,
Is now miraculously soft,
Its touch like thistle-down.

What witchcraft do the snowflakes use
To change the mountain's heart?
Until the mountain-folk themselves
Become a shining part

Of this new, snow-made loveliness,
This gentleness that drives
The sternness from the mountain's heart
And from these granite lives?

Pauline Havard

IN A MIRROR

Strained eyes, wistful mouth,
as she gazes:
Does the mirror flatter or decry?

In her heart she knows the answer:
The smooth pane, subdued light,
Mitigate harsh lines . . .

On the street, in the glare
Of the hot summer day, the sun
Will not be so kind.

But she gazes, hoping to find
In the sentence of the mirror
A reprieve from age

That, like a hound, pursues her
Down the dwindling path
Left for her feet to tread.

Hilda Ridley

THE WORLD WAS NARROWER

It was a narrow world when she was young,
Smothered by friendly
Inhibiting walls and fences;
Thick with brothers and sisters;
Cluttered with aunts (how easily shocked).
Her soul some day she would call her own.

That was many marriages ago,
First-born and funerals
And two world wars.
It is wider now, the world,
And the minds of men broadened to shapelessness;
Fences are down and the walls pushed aside.
The place is draughty and comfortless.

In a front pew of the parish church
Close to the crowded chancel
It is least lonely.
The round-eyed choir boys could be her brothers,
The surpliced women her sensitive aunts.
Some day they will find her there—
If her one prayer is answered—
After the others have gone.

Verna Loveday Harden

MIRIAM DANCED

Miriam danced,
The sun glanced down,
Turned into gold
Her tattered gown.
Her slender feet
Were brown and bare,
They spun patterns
In the air.
And glory came
To light the sod,
Whereon her people
Weary trod.
An interlude
To dull their sorrow,
Who could foretell
Their lot tomorrow?
Miriam danced
In joy and play,
The curse of Pharaoh
Seemed far away.

Ruby Friedman

CLAM DIGGERS

Without speech or thought the two
Indians sped by moonlight through
Night drowned water, tip of crude
Paddle breaking quiet of solitude.

Scarce aware of subtle treacheries of night,
Child-like, sure of craft, they beached the boat
Upon a burial island, where
Once chiefs, high-roped to trees, their
Blind eyes leaned on salt-spumed air.

With flaming brands they sought tight-lipped,
Secretive, moon-cold clams. Feet slipped
On pebbled beach, and soft mouthed water
Sucked at naked stones with laughter
Intimate and sweet.

The one whose hands must fend
For seven scions of his blood searched the strand
For every hidden nook and cleft from end to end.

Work done, they threw the clams aboard
And left the place without a word,
But midway home they pierced still air
With screaming terror, cold despair.

When sun made search with ice-green fingers, hours after,
Deep in dim womb of early morning water,
One leaned alert with young man's grace
Where sea-weed washed across his face;
Asleep, the seven-fold father stood,
Both anchored by their boots in mud.

All around,
Moon cold clams lay drowned.

Rona Murray

WHITE MORNING

There is no wind,
Only the faint sound of bells
From the distant valley.

The delicate lacing of the trees,
White tracery of crystal
On twig and bough
Is still unflawed.

No dark footsteps have challenged
The soft whiteness of the morning.
The tall spires of evergreen
Gleam white in the stillness.

Only the bells
From the distant valley
Call saint or sinner
In this chaste hour—
Pure as the faith
That starred our yesterdays.

Jessie Drummond Boyd

A DEUX

Gentle
As the leaf's slow parabola
Embracing the water's mirror.

Powerful
As the swan's wings that shake
The dark silence of the lake.

Peaceful
As the white stars that creep
Upwards over her asleep.

Casual
As his lighting a cigarette
With no gesture of regret.

Peter Garvie.

THE OLD WOODSMAN

The trumpets of wild geese will follow
The last songs of birds and my passing.
I am as a tree in its falling,
The axe will rise surely and brightly,
My soul will go swiftly and gladly.

Salute me, salute me, sweet Autumn,
My last look is fixed on your beauty,
A foretaste of all of God's promise.
Send up the blue haze of your campfires,
The pine-scented smoke of your valleys.

October, O masterly painter:
What hand can so drape the green woodland
With chiaroscuro of fire,
Can cluster the hedgerow with purple,
Draw wine from the air of the morning?

Go, moment of gold and of amber,
On tossing winds wildly departing,
Ruddle the creeper and maple,
Sing in the quivering grasses
And blow out the flame of the sumac.

I have seen the last of the seasons,
Last gleam of the goldenrod's yellow,
For the last time the coming of bluebirds,
Heard the warm, velvet scurry of chipmunks,
The grasshopper's sawing and singing.

I have come to the end, sweet October,
And I, like all nature, must slumber,
Lie patient, as all I have treasured,
Until comes aurelian glory
When I, too, shall find resurrection.

Sad twilight of fading, of dying,
Feared but by the cowardly-hearted;
The foolish shoots tardily rising;
The silly buds, soft buds—but thanks! hope! praise!
There comes springtime, the morning of waking!

The spent root will stir, in due season,
The dark, creaking branches will soften,
The bulb in its crackling casing
Will send out green, fumbling fingers
To probe to the earth's warming surface.

And the mystery is old as the sunlight,
As the nacreous moon and the loon's cry,
The shifting, blue light of Aurora.
Thanks! hope! praise!
For I, even I, cannot die!

Dorothy Dumbrille

SACRED HOUR

There is delight in being very still,
In letting day-tired muscles lie at rest,
No longer tempered to the driving will.
This sacred hour, aware and strange, is best,
For now, the mowing and the weeding done,
The autumn walnuts spread to dry, is time
To see the sky-flung shadows of the sun,
And hear the distant, deep-toned church bells chime.

There is delight in being very still
Since senses then awaken to invite
Elusive, fragile fragrance. Sounds distill
Their harmonies, and vision captures sight.
It is the hour to find identity,
The time to understand reality.

Vesta Nickerson Lukei

OLD HORSE

Out in the star-encrusted night no mortal moves.
Only the moon
Hiding by traced branch and cloud
Slides on beyond the sloping barn,
Only the old horse drooping stands
All furred with frost above his hay.
Round him the silent icy night
Enfolds him in its bitter white
Clasping the naked bones of trees
In Winter's rigid filigree.

Round him the wide impassive snow
Lies zebra-shadowed deep below
The black and white pagoda towers
Of tall, serrated conifers,
Whitens the rims of staring hills,
Heightens the glitter in the sky . . .
Only the gray coyote in the fields
Slivers
This frozen quiet with his cry.

Girsha Gowing

FROM A HOSPITAL BED

The reassuring rustle of starched linen close at hand,
Confidential tones and salutations at the door,
He raised his eyes to bottles on the stand
And watched the dripwise leak of calories—two hundred more.

The bedside table was covered carelessly with fruit and books,
The screen smiled encouragement with cards of trite but friendly rhyme,
And the gaudy gladioli glaring bright and hopeful looks
Were in contrast to the sombre clock which ticked away the time.

The doctor's optimistic word, the nurse's voice a cheerful ring.
X-rays and penicillin, they said, would make him strong.
And yet withal he sensed a certain something
And knew his days would not be long.

Peter Rechnitzer

NEVER A PATCH OF SKY

Never a patch of sky will mind you better
(Stars on the cobbles and chill wind blowing)
How warmer the hearth behind the sheltering shutter
Than this beggar's going.

O never "God bless you mistress" or "evening master"
Did he say on the stones by the wind's white wraith;
Curt and sharp in the cold he spat at the night's disaster:
"A cigarette, faith!"

And 'twas only the warmth of her hand on your arm
(storm in the sky and the warm room waiting)
Made you toss him a pack to be caught with a cynical smile,
You with a block to go, and he perhaps many a mile
Ere the wind's abating.

Wet to the ears as he was, poor sod, flouting
Rain on the stones and wind a-cry,
Insolence wrapping his patchy coat about him,
Striding under a patch of sky.

Why do you envy him then? Why do you wonder
Safe in the eiderdown dawn beside your lover:
Will the stars hold?
Will the cold wind blow over?

Tom Farley

THE MARTYRS' PAGEANT

In July, 1949, in commemoration of the deaths of Fathers Brebeuf and Lalemant and the destruction of Fort Ste. Marie by the Iroquois, a pageant was staged at the Martyrs' Shrine, site of the old fort. Throughout the third night of performance, the twin spires of the floodlit Church of the Martyrs' Shrine were graphically reflected in the sky above the hillside stages, an effect produced by low-hanging clouds so placed that they acted as a natural backdrop and intercepted the shadow of spires and crosses cast by the floodlights before the Shrine.

Within the amphitheatre of hills
They came to love,
Their tale is told, their history enacted.
Upon the earth that took their broken bodies
The stages rise.
Under the ageless stars
That heard their *Aves*
A young, new nation chants its changing tides:
Out of the funeral knell the song of triumph,
Out of the dirge the dance of victory!

Three hundred years since the Huronia Mission,
Snared in the death throes of the Huron Nation,
Reddened the sky with flames.
Under the northern galaxies—
Which once had paled
Before the menace of that Fiery Cross*
Whose shadow prophesied the present doom—
Murder and rapine reigned:
Hate venting on poor mortal flesh its rage
That flesh could rise to immortality.

Fire and destruction: ash and bitter failure:
The gray end.
Then through long years
The anodyne of time:

*In a vision Brebeuf saw a giant fiery cross appear menacingly in the southern sky above the land of the Iroquois and pass to the north, casting its shadow over all Huronia.

The lush, dank green of forest
Fire-enriched, carrion-nurtured,
Obliterating scars of human life;
Within the blue-veiled hills the trail deserted,
The longhouse vanished and the Mission bell
Clappered with clods:
Throughout two centuries . . . amnesia.

Until the settlers came, new pioneers
Slashing the forest,
Ushering back the sun;
With spade and ploughshare turning up the past,
Mumbling old bones to learn a vanished tale.

Three hundred years—the circle comes full round:
Out of defeat, success; from death, new life.
Above the shattered altar a fresh temple
Welcomes the pilgrim;
On the hillside where the Mission watchers
Beheld the ebon smoke palls that proclaimed
The *via dolorosa* of the black-robes,
A young, triumphant New Huronia
Portrays the Old;
While in the sky, where once the Fiery Cross
Presaged the martyrdom of priest and nation,
The Shrine's twin spires are set against the cloud:
On high God's fingers pledging all is well.

Marjorie Freeman Campbell

WITHIN THE TAVERN CAUGHT
By Rupert Munday

These poems "show originality of thought and treatment . . . sensitive imagery and an Oriental-like word economy . . . memorable . . . record of strong feeling and astute observation." (Canadian Forum.) $1.00 at

CARILLON CHAP-BOOKS
37 MacLaren Street, Ottawa, Canada

The Poetry of Arther Stringer

By Elsie Pomeroy

The phenomenal success of Arthur Stringer's serials in the early days of the *silent screen,* together with many years of continued popularity as a novelist, naturally overshadowed any interest in his poetry. In his native land, where the attitude toward a fellow-Canadian's achievement is often inclined, alas, to be hypercritical, this was true to a marked degree. Apart from his Irish verse, Arthur Stringer's poetry remains largely unknown, although it undoubtedly constitutes a worthy and enduring contribution to our literature.

Mr. Stringer's creative genius was first awakened by his love of the classics. *Hephaestus,* his first volume of distinction (1903), was devoted to classical themes and expressed in admirable blank verse. The title-poem was inspired by the Greek legend concerning Aphrodite. Probably the most significant lines are those expressing the poet's philosophy through the musings of Hephaestus.

Another Greek legend is the theme of the second poem,—"Persephone" addressing her mother after her return from the Underworld. Through the eyes of the goddess who has long been absent, the poet views "the good earth" which results in lines of superb description. More original, however, are the passages of strong human emotion and profound philosophy with which "Persephone" describes the growth of her affection for "this fierce son of Night" which mingles with the gradual unfolding of the instinct of motherhood. The third selection in the volume is Act IV of the poetic drama, Sappho in Leucadia, which appeared in its entirety in Mr. Stringer's succeeding volume, The Woman in the Rain (1907).

Hephaestus remained the one volume devoted to classical themes. The same influence, however, is reflected in the many poems of *iambic pentameter* lines which were published in succeeding volumes. On two occasions only was his imagination stirred by similar subjects. "Helen, After Ilium" was included in A Woman at Dusk and "Sappho's Tomb" in Open Water.

"Sappho's Tomb" is a somewhat rare example of *vers libre* with a classical theme. Mr. Stringer, however, while throwing off the restraint of rhyme, did not throw off the trammels of regular rhythm in his *vers libre* and "Sappho's Tomb" is a poem of lyrical exaltation worthy of that great singer of dead days.

Mr. Stringer's first volume of Irish Poems was published in 1911. A second and enlarged edition, Out of Erin, followed in 1930 and was succeeded by The Old Woman Remembers (1938) and The King Who Loved Old Clothes (1941). These Irish poems with their haunting melodies and whimsical characterizations made an instant popular appeal. The Old Woman Remembers was dedicated "To the Memory of Sally Delmege, my Irish Mother". (Only a poet with Irish blood in his veins could have possessed such a keen understanding of the Irish personality,—its generosity and kindness, its humour and irresponsibility and its capacity for bitter hatred.)

Open Water, a collection of poems in *vers libre,* appeared in 1914 and Dark Soil, a second and enlarged edition in 1933. It is seldom that

a poet, who has shown himself so deeply influenced by classical themes and form, expresses himself in *vers libre*. Consequently it is with unusual interest that the reader approaches these volumes. In the foreword to OPEN WATER Mr. Stringer wrote: "For the poet to turn his back on rhythm, as at times he has been able to do with rhyme, is an impossibility. Rhythm is in man's blood. The ear of the world instinctively searches for cadences. The poet's efforts towards symphonic phrasing have long since become habitual and imperative." Thus Arthur Stringer, being a true poet, could not throw off the trammels of rhythm. Neither do his poems in *vers libre* display the wilful obscurity, nor the contorted forms of expression, often affected by the modern exponents of this *genre*. On the contrary they are forceful and direct, lyrical and imaginative, and invariably lucid.

"AT CHARING CROSS" expresses the loneliness of the great metropolis. The reader of "AT NOTRE DAME" is stirred by a realization of the glory and exultation of the service. The note of poignancy and wistfulness, pervading Mr. Stringer's Irish verse and peculiarly characteristic of his Irish ancestory, is found in many of these poems in *vers libre* and probably in none of more consummate beauty than "THE WILD SWANS PASS". In direct contrast to "SAPPHO'S TOMB", to which reference has already been made, is "THE EARTHQUAKE" which is thoroughly modern both in form and theme. It contrasts the littleness of life on the earth with the Eternal Whole.

SHADOWED VICTORY (1943), a long narrative poem in blank verse, was the poet's tribute to those who served and suffered in the struggle of those years. With its Canadian background and characters it was indeed a song of "THE CANADIAN IN EXILE" and revealed the poet's yearning for the land of his birth during those years of crisis.

Apart from the exceptions already noted and the inclusion of the two poems, "HEPHAESTUS" and "PERSEPHONE", "THE WOMAN IN THE RAIN" (1907) and "A WOMAN AT DUSK" (1928) contain poems in traditional forms and on modern but widely divergent themes.

A large number of poems, particularly in the later volume, were marked by the quality of mysticism. Like the Poet Laureate, Arthur Stringer was a firm believer in reincarnation and many poems proclaim his faith in that Eastern doctrine.

Many of Mr. Stringer's mystical poems are also marked by a philosophic note for, like Sir Charles G. D. Roberts, his philosophy and mysticism were closely interwoven. One of the most significant—and a great favourite of Roberts—is "THE CELT SPEAKS" which forms the prologue to THE OLD WOMAN REMEMBERS. Its sub-title, *Jeceris stabit quocunque*, indicates the philosophy expressed in the poem,—the predominance of man's spirit through the long procession of the ages.

Throw me, and yet I stand:
Chained close, I still walk free,
Since no thrall's link yet spanned
The elusive soul of me.

Throw me, but to the end
Some touch of mordant mirth
Shall with disaster blend
To lift me from the earth.

When Saxon, Briton, Dane,
Bent me with sword and gyve,
I sang, above my slain:
"Break me, but I survive."

Break me, but from the dust
Some laughter of the soul
Shall sweeten life's last crust
And keep my spirit whole.

An Editor's Note Book

(A portion of an address delivered at C.A.A. Convention, 1950)

By Arthur S. Bourinot

Our readers and contributors might like to know what has been our experience with manuscripts. What kind do we get? What seems wrong with some of them? What kind do we want?

In the first place the editor would like to repeat from an earlier issue his statement of policy for The Canadian Poetry Magazine. "The Magazine is intended to be a national vehicle of poetic expression which aims to preserve a sane balance between tradition and experiment."

Speaking broadly, manuscripts come from contributors of three classes.

(1) Those who cannot write.

(2) Those who can, but who won't take enough trouble.

(3) The real writers.

The first class is easily recognisable and can usually be ignored; fortunately they sometimes provide a certain amount of amusement, sad amusement at times, because the hope that will never be realized is always there.

Strangely enough they are usually the most arrogant. They have none of the humility of the truly great artist. As Van Wyck Brooks puts it; "In later years, I found that genius and virtue more often clothe themselves in a mouse-like garb than in the splendid feathers of Macaws and peacocks. They follow in this the law of protective coloration, which is based upon another law, that of the conservation of energy. It takes a great deal of energy to maintain an appearance of greatness, more than the really great are able to spare."

Let us now pass on to those in the second class, namely,—

(2) Those who could write, but won't take enough trouble.

Sadly enough, there are many, too many, who come under this heading. So much work is received that is obviously the first thoughts of the writer too hastily put down, "the first fine careless rapture" with the emphasis on the *careless*. Then there is the poem that is marred by a line, a word or two, that further consideration would have amended. If the remainder of the poem is good and the editor has the intuition to see it, the blemishes are pointed out and it is left to the contributor to remedy them or not as he or she sees fit.

On this point I remember that great Canadian Poet, the late Duncan Campbell Scott, who was also I am proud to say a close personal friend of many years, once saying to me—"The little success I have achieved I owe to the fact that when I did anything, I put my whole heart and soul into it; I gave everything I had". That is a statement that should be pondered well. In his Presidential Address to The Royal Society of Canada, fortunately now printed in his last book The Circle of Affection, the same writer has this to say:

> "There must ever be this contrast between the worker for instant results and the worker who toils for the last perfection. One class is not without honour, the other is precious beyond valuation."

That ancient writer Horace exhorts the poet to keep his poem in his desk till the ninth year, to make sure that he has made it as good as possible. We hear of the infinite labour bestowed by Virgil on the *Aeneid*, and how, at his death, he ordered the manuscript to be burnt because it was so miserably imperfect. Even in prose we hear of Plato's leaving seven different versions of the first sentence of the REPUBLIC before he hit upon the present remarkable order.

But we do not have to go back to the ancients to find such examples of industry and integrity in regard to their art. Similar instances could be easily cited of great modern writers. As Yeats said, "I suggest you put the poem aside for a time and then read it when you have forgotten the association that arose during the act of writing." Genius is indeed the infinite capacity for taking pains. Inspiration and perspiration should go together.

Now we come to the third class—The real writers. This class is also easily recognisable. First their manuscripts are usually neat and every word is obviously carefully chosen. A first reading generally impresses at once. Here is a person who knows what he is doing. What a joy it is to come across such a manuscript; it is indeed a just reward for the drudgery.

How does one recognize such a work? It is difficult to explain. The poet Yeats, writing to Dorothy Wellesley, said;

> "I work and think so much by instinct rather than reason that I am unable to define poetry but only to recognize it."

And again,

> "I can praise a work of criticism, a work of philosophy, with intelligence, but not a poem. When I come to write of poetry I seem —I suppose because it is all instinct with me—completely ignorant."

Imagine the humility of that statement! The great poet Yeats being "completely ignorant" of poetry!

Perhaps the answer, the means of recognition are personality and style. If a work has these two qualities, if it is imbued with the creator's personality and this results in individuality, in an individual style, that sets his work apart, then it can be recognized at once as a true work of art. Personality gives value to any piece of art, whether it is book, or picture or music. Nothing can make up for its absence. A work is a dead inanimate thing without it. Personality charges it with life and gives it the gift to instil similar emotions in the reader. And it is, I would say, an almost wholly instinctive thing.

Walter Raleigh wrote of Style in the following lovely words:

> "The idea to be expressed is a kind of mutual recognition between thought and language which here meet and claim each other for the first time. Just as in the first glance exchanged by lovers, the unborn child opens its eyes on the world and pleads for life."

There is style personified in its own definition. The whole Essay is a classic.

Other qualities to be found in a good poem are, naturally, rhythm and beauty. Let us analyze these two qualities, if they can be so treated.

To quote D. C. Scott again—

"If you be in search of beauty
Go where beauty dwells."

How simple that is yet, like most simple things, how true and everlasting. There are many kinds of beauty. There is the stark beauty of realism. There is that "terrible" beauty referred to by Yeats when he says:—

"All changed, changed utterly;
A terrible beauty is born."

And this beauty is often, too often, terrible to bear. Yet it is indeed beauty. So was the gold dress of Medea beautiful to look upon but terrible to bear. Then there is the beauty of simplicity. Walt Whitman once said, "Nothing is better than simplicity." The setting down in a few good anglo-saxon words with fine vowel sounds a simple thought, or sometimes a complex one that is so set down as to be clear and vivid—that is indeed the essence of good writing, to be crystal clear. I know a lot of people will not agree with me but every person is entitled to his own opinion. The words themselves, their grouping and arrangement, cause them to sing of themselves. Everyone knows that beautiful poem of the English poet, Edward Thomas, entitled "WORDS".

"Out of us all
That make rhymes,
Will you choose
Sometimes—
As the winds use
A crack in a wall
Or a drain,
Their joy or their pain
To whistle through—
Choose me,
You English words?

"I know you;
You are as light as dreams,
Tough as oak,
Precious as gold,
As poppies and corn,
Or an old cloak;
Sweet as our birds
To the ear. . . .

"Let me sometimes dance
With you,
Or climb
Or stand perchance
In ecstasy,
Fixed and free
In a rhyme
As poets do."

There I would say, in that portion of one poem, are personality, style, rhythm and beauty.

"See deep enough and you see musically," Carlyle once said. How true that is! A poem without rhythmn of some sort is not a true poem. By rhythm, of course, I do not necessarily mean a sing-song and regular metre that beats in the ears monotonously like a tom-tom. A regular metre can be musical without being sing-song. Witness the subtle cadences of Milton's lovely prosody, the pure vowel sounds and the magic beauty of the word arrangement. What I have in mind is rather a subtle movement that binds but does not obtrude on the mind or the sense, that does not force itself to the attention of the listener; and yet he knows it to be there, and would miss it if it were absent. If you have seen a sky-scraper being built you will understand what I mean. Those skeletal steel girders that reach to the sky and seem so frail and pliant, so light, so fairy-like, yet have the strength and power to bind, hold and support the whole structure. Of such is the quality of rhythm.

The trouble, I would judge, with some writers of free verse, is that they come to it without having first qualified in the regular forms. A sound training in the ballad, the sonnet or the regular lyric is a wonderful foundation for the writing of good free verse. The eternal verities of a good poem are learned that way and, perhaps, no other. I think it is true that those who write the best free verse have first won their spurs in the writing of regular forms. One should learn to walk before one tries to run.

I have no quarrel with modern poetry but I like it to be clear and understandable. Surely one should not tax the reader, annoy him with obscurity and unnecessary complexity. The moderns sometimes complain that those who are not of their school are mere imitators, that they have no originality. But even they who so complain are often at fault in that respect themselves. Their work is also based on tradition, in most cases, indeed, on an older one, many centuries old. The early poet, Langland, for instance, used the formula of a last will and testament as a background for some of his verse. Auden and MacNeice in the present day and age have adopted this device, centuries old. Langland's alliterative metre as well as some of the old English poetic rhetoric was adapted by Hopkins to his own use. The old ballad form is still used in modern verse and by some of the extremists. Eliot, it has been said, "rediscovered for English Literature the art of colloquial poetry perfected in England over three centuries ago. He goes back to the Elizabethans, to Ben Jonson and Spenser, for many of his allusions, some of his verse patterns and forms."

The choruses of Milton's SAMSON AGONISTES "have influenced modern versification as much as any passages in English poetry." There is a truly free treatment of rhythm in them on which much modern free verse is modelled. Many of the young English poets, radical in their views, have used "Skeltonic" verse as their medium. And then, of course, there is John Donne. And so one could go on and on if one had the time and the patience. Truly there is nothing new under the sun.

Some one once said,—"No one should ever publish a book until he has read it aloud to a woman." That is just another way of saying that poetry is or should be one of the oral arts. If a poem cannot be read aloud and understood it trangresses its whole origin. Yet how much of our modern verse is difficult to understand and annoys and teases the mind and ear

with obscurity and complexity. It was Lampman who said, "To get the real effect from a poem I read it aloud; that is the true test."

The writer J. B. Priestly has this to say about some modern verse;—

> "At the same time I find myself remembering lines of verse, lines from Yeats and Housman, de la Mare and Hodgson, just because in those Bruddersford days such lines used to go buzzing in my mind like fat golden bees. I pondered over these and other poets in my room, carried their more evocative and magical lines with me through the streets, and sometimes shouted them idiotically —startling the sheep—on the windy moorland tracks. I am told that poetry that is being written these days is very fine, but somehow you never catch a youth bellowing lines of it on a hilltop, and indeed, I never find anybody wanting to quote it at all. I suppose it is no longer that kind of poetry. But the kind I admired in nineteen twelve you could murmur over and over to yourself like a magical rune or could take out and wear like a gaily coloured scarf."

And may I close with these words of that eminent and wise American critic, Van Wyck Brooks;—

> "A real writer feels about his work as a healthy mother feels about her baby. His instinct revolts against the incubator and every mechanical substitute for brooding. The writer who does not brood, in every sense of the word, the writer who is not his own drudge, who does not earn his notes by loving investigation, pays a heavy forfeit. His prose lacks depth, tone and texture, and nothing can compensate for this. Quoting Whitman's Essay on Poe, he says, 'I wanted and still want for poetry, the clear sun shining, the fresh air blowing, the strength and power of health, not of delirium, even amidst the stormiest passions—with always the background of the eternal moralities.' "

Book Reviews

New Poetic Lamps and Old—Stanton A. Coblentz—The Wings Press—136 pp., $2.00.

Within the Tavern Caught—Rupert Munday—Carillon—36 pp., No price stated.

Peace and War—R. G. Lovell—Carillon—28 pp. No price stated.

Time is the Measure—M. E. Drew—Carillon—26 pp., $1.00.

Leaves in the Wind—William McDermott—Gemini Publications—12pp. No price.

Stanton Coblentz has been a poet and novelist, essayist and Editor for more than a score of years. Therefore his opinions on the controversial subject of what is poetry and what is not may be considered as having some foundation of personal knowledge.

Mr. Coblentz attacks the sacred names of Whitman, Pound, Eliot, Hopkins and others with devilish malevolence, as if his quarrel with them was something more than abstract, as indeed it is. He contends that they and others have destroyed the very fabric of traditional poetry; and lest the word "traditional" be misunderstood, he gives this definition: "Tradition represents the live current of the accumulated knowledge and experience of generations, whereas convention may be little more than the petrification of yesterday's methods".

In other words Mr. Coblentz is the sworn enemy of obscurity, nonsensical chopped off lines, and the substitution of prose masquerading as poetry. He contends that rhyme and meter are an essential part of English poetry, and prose is always prose. To prove his thesis he mixes the so-called poetry of Hart Crane, Whitman, Auden and Marianne Moore with the honest prose of billboard advertisements and scientific essays, and then defies the reader to distinguish between them. As for myself, I thought the chopped up prose sounded better and made more sense than the poetry.

Mr. Coblentz does not contend that Whitman and his successors have not written poetry, but rather that they have written very little and even that has been ignored in favor of the "jabberwocky" they perpetrated under the same heading. His most convincing argument is the examples given, and the comparison between the extremists and traditionalists.

Only those most interested in poetry and the poets themselves will find this book absorbing, because Mr. Coblentz is carrying a fifty-year-old argument one step farther. I think it should be admitted that the battle with the extremists has been lost for several years; their forces have swept the field and placed their standard on the literary mountain-tops. Poetry magazines and publishers alike have accepted their work as brilliant and original. They win the prizes, receive the accolades, and retire, bowing gracefully, to compose more of their prose masterpieces.

However, there are isolated outposts that have held their own against the extremists; and Mr. Coblentz' "Wings" is one of these barricaded defensible positions. In the assessment of present day poetry it should not be overlooked that all poetry is losing its audience, losing its appeal for

the every day reader. Once upon a time stage plays were written in verse, long narratives were the predecessors of the modern novel, and old time minstrels haunted the byways of town and countryside and wove their magic in the castles of baron and landlord.

Caxton's printing press swept away the minstrels and troubadors, and the novel supplanted narrative poetry. But the extremists, the Whitmanites, the sprung-rhythm cults have stolen poetry away from the people, and placed it under the eyes of a narrowing circle who applaud obscurity, and in time will be forced to applaud themselves for lack of other readers.

The great crime of the extremists is that they have taken poetry away from the people, and not that they have written their own absurdities in the first place. However, there is always the returning wave, the recession and the fifth column. Such magazines as C.P.M. are the agents that may in time restore poetry to a measure of its old popularity, the level of common understanding; and such men as Stanton Coblentz may keep it there.

There is always a healthy undergrowth in poetry aside from the E. J. Pratts and Duncan Campbell Scotts. This is the minor poets, the seldom heard and seldom remembered; but in time, if properly developed and encouraged, this undergrowth may grow to rival the giant oaks and sky-scraping firs that are the pride of mountains.

Novelists run away to the U.S. for a more lucrative market, but poets seldom do for there is none. Poets cannot escape, but I do not think their works suffers for this reason. Perhaps they are less mercenary in the first place, and certainly, some of them write with far less hope of eventual publication.

The Carillon Poetry Chapbooks represent one phase of this undergrowth, the minor poets, each groping for his own version of truth.

"Within the Tavern Caught" is an eminently readable and human booklet, concerned with social evils, everyday living and its impact on the average man. It is varied in subject and verse form, and the faults are principally lack of polish and an over-zealous use of adjectives.

The author takes the commonplace subject of toads trapped in a hole and starving to death. He rescues them from their predicament, and then refers to God:

> "Yet He is greater than I;
> He will kill them all in the end.
> He has more ways of bringing death to them
> Than I have of saving them from Him."

Peace and War is another in the Carillon series. The author's foreword is amusing:

> "Critics, they say can break your heart,
> If they're in the mood to do it"
> "My style and technique will be criticized,
> but what care I?"

I wonder if he would be equally indifferent to praise?

The poems in Peace and War possess an extremely religious vein, and are in the classical mood without classical merit. The emotions expressed

are commendable, and extremely commonplace, presented in a commonplace manner. The following excerpt is fairly typical.

"God bless thee, Canada,
Land of our birth;
God bless thee, Canada,
Fairest on earth!
God all thy people bless,
With peace and happiness,
In His security,
From sea to sea."

TIME IS THE MEASURE has charm and intellectual beauty, and the author leaves you remembering some of her lines.

"The white road out of town, the long, lean road,
And sudden turns of hidden mystery,
Ways that were dark with verdure, still with peace,
And streams that gave joy to a melody."

Speaking of Thoreau, "And so you took your dreams
Outside of concord where a man may think,
Trolling for pickerel on inland streams."

Full development has not been reached, but it is close enough to give the reader pleasure and falls very little short of Canada's best. I shall be surprised if this poet does not obtain national recognition within a few years.

LEAVES IN THE WIND is authored by an English poet, and hence not likely to be available in Canada. Nevertheless, it is an excellent selection of verse, although too much concerned with the first person singular.

"I have been to Abadan,
And seen the thirsty tankers drinking in
Brown sludgy oil miniscused in vats,
The tanny grey-whisked faces gazing dully
At the mechanical operation."

Nothing remarkable, but competent. I think the author is too much concerned with death as well as the first person, but I could be wrong there. Death has been a favorite subject of poets since they first scrawled on the walls of caves. Mr. McDermott has distinguished company in this respect.

A. W. Purdy

IN QUEST OF BEAUTY—Bertram A. Warr—Carrillon Poetry Chap-Books —40 pp.

This is a collection of pleasantly musical lyrics that should please readers whose poetical preferences remain traditional. Favourite themes of verse, most of them deriving from nature, are presented in familiar forms, with familiar words and phrases, tuned to familiar rhythms.

Typical of the best of the nature verses is "THE CHARMED HOUR", which commences:

"Under the drooping willows, before the break of day,
The earth seems hushed and waiting to greet the coming May,
And nothing breaks the silence beneath the weeping trees
Save the faint lisp of water beneath the waking breeze. . . ."

Nothing very original here. It will be seen that Mr. Warr pursues beauty along well-worn trails. Only a very few stanzas hint that were he to strike off on his own, he might open up fresh vistas that would invoke more interesting verse.

One suspects such hints in "LIFE"—until one realizes that both the effective metrical pattern and the idea are Masefield's, having been employed by him in the development of one of his most memorable lyrics. Then, the lyrical treatment of a beloved stage martyr attempted in "OPHELIA" promises novelty—only to disappoint, and jolt the reader with the trite conclusion that "Of all sad words, The saddest are 'alas it might have been' ".

But if one retains an appetite for such phrases as "fields of scented clover", "dingles dark and cool", "limpid waters", "flower of memory", one can enjoy the nature pieces.

Goodridge MacDonald

Books Received

POETRY AWARDS, 1950—University of Pennsylvania Press—89 pages, price $2.00—A compilation of original poetry published in magazines of the English speaking world in 1949. Canadian Poetry Magazine and Here and Now are represented, the former by one poem, the latter by two. An interesting and comprehensive publication.

ESSAYS AND STUDIES, 1950—John Murray, London—142 pages, 8s.6d.—Essays and Studies collected for The English Association by G. Rostrevor Hamilton.

BRITISH POETRY TODAY—George Woodcock—pamphlet of 15 pages—The University of British Columbia, 1950. An interesting and informative historical and critical essay on the British poets since 1930.

OF TIME AND THE LOVER—James Wreford—McClelland Stewart—92 pages, price $2.75.

WHAT MATTER WHAT WAY—Lilian Found—36 pages—privately printed.

DOMINANT SEVENTH—Phillips Kloss—The Caxton Printers—Caldwell, Idaho—139 pages, $3.00.

THE TIGHT ROPE WALKER—Norman Levine—The Totem Press—3600 Atwater Ave., Montreal—30 pages, $1.75.

THE SASKATCHEWAN POETRY BOOK—1950, 51—The Saskatchewan Poetry Society, Regina—46 pages, 40 cents.

MOMENT OF VISITATION—Gustave Davidson—Allan Swallow—Denver, Colorado—47 pages, $2.50.

POEMS OF TRANSITION—Harold Page—Palladium Press—London—66 pages, 7s. 6d.

CULTURE, DECEMBER, 1950—A Quarterly Review, published by The Research Association Religious and Secular Sciences in Canada—33 rue de l'Alverne, Quebec City.

GIVE YOUR BOOK-LOVING FRIENDS A GIFT

They will Treasure!

A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE

CANADIAN

POETRY MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY

This Magazine is issued under the auspices of the *Canadian Authors Association* for the encouragement and development of Canadian Verse.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION $2.00 PER YEAR

SINGLE COPY 50c

Cut off here

CANADIAN POETRY MAGAZINE

7A FOREST HILL ROAD

TORONTO 12 - ONTARIO

ENCLOSED FIND THE SUM OF.....

Subscription to Canadian Poetry Magazine for.....year.

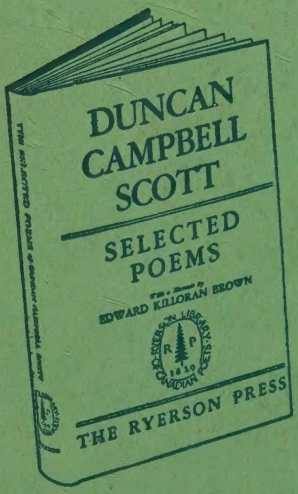
Commencing.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

New and Recent Poetry



THE SELECTED POEMS OF DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

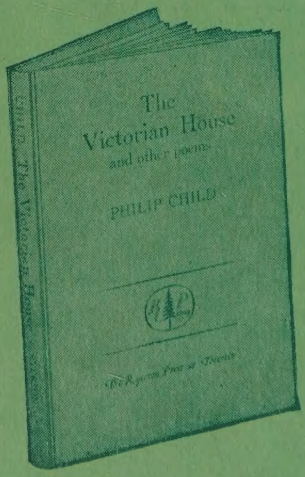
Edited by E. K. Brown. Here are the best poems of one of Canada's most distinguished poets. There is also a 40-page memoir which James Scott of *The Telegram*, Toronto, calls "a remarkably warm and understanding assessment". It has just been announced that the late Dr. E. K. Brown has been awarded the gold metal of the Royal Society of Canada. $3.50.

THE VICTORIAN HOUSE AND OTHER POEMS

By Philip Child. A first collection of poetry by a leading Canadian novelist, former winner of the Governor-General's Award. "The long opening poem, 'The Victorian House', is a delightful tour into an era familiar, yet which has already slipped around the corner of time."—Rex Frost, over CFRB. $2.25.

SELECTED POEMS OF IDA EMMA FITCH BAKER

With an introduction by Ray Palmer Baker. "Birds and stars and flowers are the chief themes of the charming verses which Ida Baker wrote for her own children and which now may be the heritage of all children."—*The Guelph Daily Mercury.* $3.00.



Ryerson Poetry Chap-Books

CALL MY PEOPLE HOME

By Dorothy Livesay. "Should be in the library of every lover of great Canadian writing."—*Vancouver Province.* $1.00.

THE FLUTE AND OTHER POEMS

By Katherine Hale. "Pages of pure poetry—enchantments that cannot be conveyed in prose."—Mona Purser, *The Globe and Mail.* $1.00.

THREE MERIDIANS

By Geoffrey Drayton. "Tinged with the exotic...clean, highly coloured and not too heavy."—Ronald Hambleton over C.B.C. $1.00.

THE TREASURES OF THE SNOW

By Arthur S. Bourinot. "Bourinot must certainly be classed as one of our major poets."—*Culture.* $1.00.

The Ryerson Press Est. 1829 *Publishers, Toronto*